

The Prodigal's Return

By EUNICE BLAKE

John Perkins lived alone with his daughter Mildred. He was an old man, and she took care of him. He was blind and partly deaf. His son Jack had gone away to sea ten years before and had never returned. Whether he did not care to return or whether he had been lost at sea or killed in a fight or died in some foreign hospital was not known. His father believed he was living and would return to him.

Before Mildred was a desolate prospect. She was twenty-five years old. Her father would live probably just long enough to leave her alone in the world and too old to marry. As to her marrying while he lived, he would not hear of it. On this account he would not permit her to have any man come to see her. But he would occasionally allow her to go out, and one night at a dance she met her fate. A young miller danced with her several times and asked her if he would be welcome as a visitor at her house. She was obliged to tell him that her father would not permit her to have young men call upon her.

Dick Elwood, the miller, after the dance made inquiries about Mildred Perkins and learned the story of her life, including her absent brother. He had fallen in love with her at first sight and resolved to win her.

One day when Mildred had gone to the village to do some marketing the old man heard a knock at the door. He answered the summons, and, though he did not see, a young man stood before him.

"Father, don't you know me?"

The old man tottered with outstretched arms.

"Oh, Jack!" he moaned.

"I've been an ungrateful son, father, but have repented and have come back to atone for my sin. Can you forgive me?"

"Forgive you! Indeed I do, dear boy, and you're going to stay with us. You're not going away any more."

"I'll remain about here, father. I must make a living and may not be able to stay right here. But I'll be near you. How is Millie?"

"Oh, Millie is a fine woman now. I'm glad on her account as well as my own that you've come home. I've been dreadfully afraid she would marry and leave me alone. I've known all along that it is not right to deny her a home and husband and children. It's selfish, downright selfish. And it has been selfish of you, to her as well as to me, to stay away and let her bear the burden of your old father. Now that you have come home you can introduce some fine young man who'll marry her and be a good husband to her."

"Father," said the young man with a tremor in his voice and a twinkle in his eye, "I'll do it."

When Mildred returned she was astonished to see her father and Dick Elwood, the young miller she had recently met, sitting side by side on a sofa folded in each other's arms. The old man heard Mildred come in.

"Millie," he cried, "Jack has come back to us!"

Mildred's look was one of great variety. There were reproach—very mild—amusement, pleasure, and on her cheeks blushed chasing one another like an aurora. Elwood sprang up and advanced to meet her.

"And you are Millie! How you have changed! When I went away you were, if I remember aright, not quite fifteen. I knew then you would make a fine looking woman, and you have not disappointed me."

That the old man might infer he was treating Millie as a sister the stranger smirked his lips. At this Mildred, who was between a shock at the deception practiced on her father, a dread of the outcome and amusement at it all, smiled. It was all very funny. There was a good deal of conversation between the three about bygone days, but it was finally discontinued by Elwood, who showed a deplorable ignorance of family history. Telling Mr. Perkins that he must go for the present to his lodgings, he took his departure, followed by Mildred.

"For heaven's sake," she exclaimed when they were alone, "father must find out that he has been deceived, and then the effect on him will be awful."

"It is not necessary that he should be deceived," replied the miller.

"He will expect you to come and live at home."

"Oh, I'll fix that; only give me a little time."

Perkins did insist on his boy going back into his own room. Dick contrived to put him off till he could introduce a friend who was to marry Mildred. The gentleman's name was Elwood, and his business was milling.

"Why, Dick," said the old man, "his voice is so near like yours that I couldn't tell 'em apart."

Dick told his father that Elwood was one of the finest fellows in the world. If he hadn't been he would not have introduced him.

The courtship was not a long one, though it need not have been hurried. Dick told his father that he must go to sea again since he couldn't live ashore, but that Elwood and Mildred would remain at home, and with this Perkins was obliged to be satisfied. After his departure Mildred wrote letters from him from foreign ports to her father as long as the old man lived.

An Unknown Friend

By JOHN N. LARNED

I was pretty well fixed when I was married, and the future looked inviting. But I had a falling—at least my wife called it a falling—I couldn't stand to see any one suffer. I indorsed a note for a friend to save him from bankruptcy and loaned others money, not counting on the fact that I would need what I put out, and if I didn't have it I would come to grief myself. And so I did.

One day I received a letter from a manufacturer of automobiles that he wished for an agent in my city. My pay would be a salary of \$1,500 a year and a commission on every machine I sold. Who the man was or why he wished me for his agent I didn't know and didn't stop to inquire. I accepted the position at once.

Rathbone was the name of the head of the automobile company. Soon after being settled in the business I wrote him, asking how he came to choose me as an agent, but received no reply. The letter that came from the factory was dictated by the superintendent of the sales department, and I was not sure that Mr. Rathbone had ever seen my letter, or, if he had, whether he had found time to reply to my question. I sold a good many of his autos and was making money when another windfall came to me that surprised me more than the first.

Mr. Rathbone's auto works were incorporated, and one morning I received a registered letter which, on opening, I found to contain a certificate for a thousand shares of the new company made out in my name. I was never in my life so dumfounded. Then it occurred to me that as an employee of the concern I was expected to subscribe for the stock. Though I had laid up some funds, I had not enough to pay for the stock. While I was wondering what it all meant one of my employers called my attention to a newspaper item mentioning the organization of the manufacturing company for which I was agent at shares of \$20 each. The par value of my stock was \$20,000, and the item further stated that there had been sales at 120.

I wrote at once to ask if the stock had been sent me as subscribed stock and on what terms I would be expected to pay for it. A formal reply from the treasurer of the company came to me that the thousand shares stood in my name on the company's books full paid.

When I told my wife about the matter she said that the stock had been placed in my name to serve some purpose connected with the organization of the company and I would find out in time that I didn't own it. I wrote several letters to the main office about it, but they were not answered. My wife was fearful that if any financial breakdown occurred to the company we would be in as bad a fix as before I was offered the agency. I resolved to let the matter drop and await developments.

When the first quarterly dividends were declared I received a check for \$1,000. I looked at it in amazement, then, showing it to my wife, remarked that if this was ruin I wished I might keep on being ruined in the same way as long as I lived. At this rate my stock was paying me \$4,000 a year. It didn't seem worth while to write for an explanation, for no such letters had been accorded an answer. My wife still feared that I was being used as a dummy to put through some financial scheme, but dummies don't usually receive checks for hard money. They are not the basket of the balloon, but the gas bag. I didn't put any faith in this interpretation. Since I could get no information I determined to leave my business in charge of my demonstrator, go to the office of the company and find out for myself what was at the bottom of my good fortune.

I carried out my resolution and one day walked into the office of the manufacturer. I was obliged to send in my card to the president and received a reply to call at his home that evening. When I presented myself there, after being admitted, an elderly woman came in to receive me and said:

"My husband has asked me to say that he is under a great obligation to you, which he is endeavoring to repay. But it is in your power to do him a great injury. He suggests that you return to your home and accept the benefits he has bestowed upon you and those he intends to bestow, asking no questions."

"And he will not see me?"

"He prefers not."

"May I ask why?"

"Because you may recognize him."

"And if I do?"

"I can answer no more questions. I will say this, however—I consider my husband overtimid about the matter."

"I cannot conceive why I should injure one who has so befriended me."

She remained silent, and I withdrew. I returned to my home and within a week received a certificate for another thousand shares of stock.

One night while lying awake memory brought me a possible explanation. When a youngster, some fifteen years before, while hunting I started from the bushes a man wearing stripes. He begged me not to betray him. Instead of doing so I secured ordinary clothes for him, which he put on and went his way. I never heard from him. I do not doubt that this man became successful and was my benefactor. After thinking the matter over I decided to respect his wishes and never again tried to see him.

Why Carl Becker Came to America

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

A stagecoach drove up to a tavern in a far western mining town. A young man with flaxen hair and light blue eyes jumped out nimbly and, walking as if stepping on springs, entered the bar and office rooms and told the landlord that he wished to stay with him for a short time.

"My name is Carl Becker. I hail from Cologne, and I'm going to settle down in this country."

"What did you do thar makin' it necessary for you to leave?" drawled the landlord.

"What I do? How you know I do anything?"

"Waal, most of 'em that comes here have had to light out from whar they come."

"I say nothing about why I come from home, except that I must spend a year in a fortress if I stay here. My vader he say: 'Carl, you spend a year in a fortress, den you serve your time in de army, and when you come out you haf lost a good deal of time. Suppose you go to America. Lots of peoples go to America, and they all get rich. Vot you say, eh?'"

"I say: 'Vader, I go to America. I spend de time I spend here and in de army makin' money, and then I come back to de vaderland and take care of you and mutter.'"

"A good idee," replied the landlord. "What was they goin' to put you in the fortress for?"

"Vot for dey put me in de fortress? Ach, I think I don't talk about dot!"

"I reckon it wouldn't make much difference about here unless it was for hoss stealin'. That's about the only thing they don't like in these parts. You kin shoot all you like and it's nobody's business but yours, but you take anybody's hoss and if they ketch you you'll have to dance whar the grass is too short."

"Vot you mean, dance?"

"The hangman's jig."

The landlord took young Becker to a room and when he returned remarked to a few persons who happened to be present:

"That's the kind we want out here."

Carl Becker was among the higher grade of emigrants and came not over in the steerage; instead he came first class and when he reached Nevada had \$1,000 in his pocket. That was in the day when silver mining was new in this region, and a new country is proverbially a rough country. The evening of Mr. Becker's arrival he came downstairs with a singular looking cap on his head. A number of the rougher element of the country were standing at the bar drinking. A man with a red beard in sheepskin breeches happened to turn as Becker entered the room and fixed his gaze on the cap.

"Well, now," he remarked, "that's the prettiest piece of headgear I ever seen in these parts. If it had a feather from a peacock's tail stuck into it it would be a dandy ornament for a woman."

Becker heard the criticism, and his lips broke into a beautiful smile.

"Say, young man," pursued the man with the red beard, "whar did you git yer bonnet?"

"My bonnet—ha, ha! You call dot a bonnet?"

"I axed you whar you got it."

"I got dat whan I was in de university."

"Phew, the university! You don't mean you've been to college?"

"Yah, Heidelberg."

"Well, we don't stand no sich ralu-bow tops as that out yere." And the speaker, drawing a knife about sixteen inches long from between his shoulder blades and catching Mr. Becker's cap on its point, tossed it on to the floor.

A change came over Carl Becker. He stood looking at the man who had removed his cap with an expression of serious dignity.

"Pick up my cap," he said, "and gif it back to me."

"Well, I like that!" replied the other. "I'd have 'ye know, young man, that we don't take orders out here, and we don't allow young men to wear any headgear except the sombrero of the country. If you want a fair fight you shall have it. Reckon you ain't armed or I'd heered from you afore this. Jim, give the boy a gun or whatever he likes."

The man addressed as Jim thrust a revolver into Carl's hand, but he declined it and said he would take a knife such as had been used in the removal of his cap. A knife the same length as the other was handed him, and he put himself in the posture of a fencer.

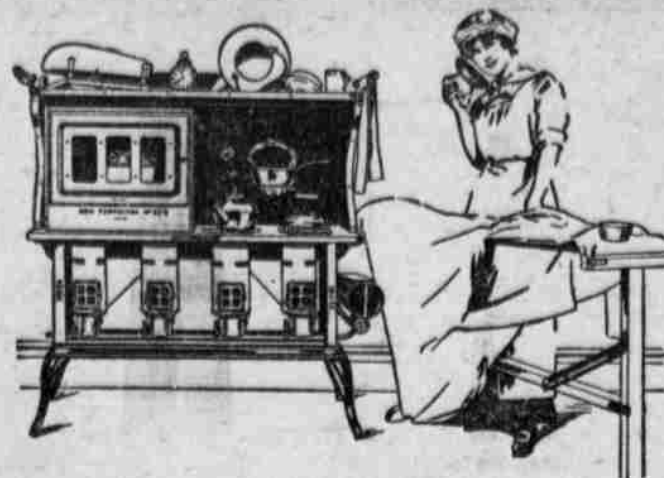
"You got a lot of style about you, ain't you?" said Becker's opponent. But before he could finish the young German gave him a cut in the cheek that concentrated his attention on his enemy's knife. He made a thrust at Becker, but Becker nimbly retreated out of reach, and before his enemy could recover for another attempt he received a cut on the other cheek. Then Becker cut off the tip end of his nose. Lastly he gashed his forehead, and the blood running down into his eyes stopped the fight.

"Whar did you learn to handle a knife like that?" asked the landlord of Becker.

"I learned dat at the university. I was champion of my corps."

"Reckon the reason you came over here was for killin' a man?"

"No, but I came pretty near killin' him."



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ORDER OF HEARING.
The State of Nebraska, Lincoln county, ss.

In the County Court.
In the matter of the estate of John H. Gutierrez deceased.
Take notice, that Mary Gutierrez has filed in the county court, a report of her claims as administrator of said estate, and it is ordered, that the same stand for hearing the 12th day of May, A. D. 1914, before the court at the hour of 9 o'clock, a. m., at which time any person interested may appear and object to and contest the same.

Notice of this proceeding and the hearing thereof is ordered given to all persons interested in said matter by publishing a copy of this order in the North Platte Tribune, a semi-weekly news paper printed in said county for three consecutive weeks prior to said date of hearing.
Dated April 17th, 1914.
a22-3 JOHN GTANT, County Judge.

LEGAL NOTICE
William E. Funkhouser and Lillian O. Funkhouser, defendants, will take notice that, on the 10th day of April, 1914, Loren Sturges, plaintiff herein, filed his petition in the District Court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, against said defendants and other defendants, the object and prayer, which are to foreclose a certain mortgage executed by the above named defendants to the plaintiff upon the premises described in block three (3), of Gamble's Addition to the town of Hershey, Lincoln county, Nebraska, to secure the payment of a certain promissory note, dated March 6th, 1911, for the sum of \$1,000.00 due and payable in ninety days from the date thereof.

That there is now due upon said note and mortgage the sum of \$1,228.85. For which sum with interest from June 15, 1914, plaintiff prays for a decree that said defendants be required to pay the same, or that said premises may be sold to satisfy the amount due.

You are required to answer said petition on or before the 25th day of May, 1914.
Dated April 16th, 1914.

LOREN STURGES, Plaintiff
a14-4 By Wilcox & Halligan, His Attorneys.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT IN AND FOR LINCOLN COUNTY, NEBRASKA.
Mary Brobeck, plaintiff

George Meyer, a Minor, Elizabeth Meyer, a minor, Helena Meyer, a minor, Henry Meyer, a minor, and Carl Brobeck, Defendants.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of H. M. Grimes, Judge of the District Court in and for Lincoln county, Nebraska, made on the 11th day of April, 1914, for the sale of real estate hereinafter described, there will be sold at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, the following described real estate, to-wit: The South-Half and the South-Half of the Northwest Quarter, and the South-Half of the Northeast Quarter of Section Twenty-Four, in Township Sixteen, North of Range Thirty-One, West of the Sixth P. M., in Lincoln County, Nebraska. Said sale will remain open for one hour.

Dated this 27th day of April, 1914.
a28-3 MARY BROBECK, Guardian.

LEGAL NOTICE
To Mrs. Eloise Ireland, non-resident defendant: You are hereby notified that Emma J. Turpie as plaintiff filed her certain petition in the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, on April 28, 1914, against you, impleaded with Sarah Coe, Frank E. Coe and Geo. Coe, as defendants, and real name unknown defendants, the object and prayer of which said petition are to quiet title in plaintiff against said defendants in and to the following described lands situated in Lincoln county, Nebraska, to-wit: Lots Six, Seven, Eight, Nine, Ten, Eleven and Twelve, of Section Twelve, and all of Section Thirteen, Township Thirteen, north of Range Thirty, west of the Sixth P. M., and particularly against a certain mortgage made and executed to one Isaac Coe, your ancestor, to said described lands and for such other relief as may be just and equitable.

You are required to make answer, to said petition on or before the 8th day of June, 1914, or judgment will be taken against you as in said petition prayed.

EMMA J. TURPIE, Plaintiff,
By E. H. Evans, Her Attorney.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Serial No. 05629
Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at North Platte, Nebr.

Notice is hereby given that Oda Roberts, of North Platte, Nebr., who, on April 5, 1913, made Homestead Entry No. 05629, for W. 1/4 Sec. 22, Twp. 13, N. R. 30, west of the 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make commutation deed, to establish claim to the land above described, before the recorder, at North Platte, Nebr., on the 7th day of July, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: Scott Reynolds, Alfred Markoe, Frank Dowhower and Clinton M. York, all of North Platte, Nebr.

J. E. Evans, Register.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
Serial No. 0776
United States Land Office
North Platte, Nebraska, April 27, 1914.

Notice is hereby given that Henry W. Greeley, of North Platte, Nebr., who on Nov. 6, 1908, made homestead entry No. 0776 for 2 1/2 Section 6, Township 13, N. Range 30, W. of 6th Principal Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the recorder and receiver at North Platte, Nebraska, on the 25th day of June, 1914.

Claimant names as witnesses: Carl McGrew, Frank Ebel, William Reynolds, and Joseph Elsworth, all of North Platte, Nebr.

J. E. Evans, Register.

Sheriff's Sale.
By virtue of an order of sale issued from the district court of Lincoln county, Nebraska, upon a decree of foreclosure rendered in said court wherein L. C. Severin is plaintiff and Chris Rasmussen and E. P. Rasmussen, are defendants, and to me directed I will on the 29th day of May, 1914, at 2 o'clock p. m., at the east front door of the court house in North Platte, Lincoln county, Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, to satisfy said decree, interest and costs, the following described property to-wit: All of Section Nine (9), Township Ten (10), North of Range Twenty-eight (28), except one and one-half (1 1/2) acre in the northwest quarter (NW 1/4) of the southeast quarter, west of the 6th P. M., Lincoln county, Nebraska.

Dated North Platte, Nebr., April 25, 1914.
a25-6 A. J. SALISBURY, Sheriff